

And so I was, which plainly signified,
That I should snarle, and bite, and play the dogge:
Then since the Heavens haue shap'd my Body so,
Let Hell make crook'd my Minde to answer it.
I haue no Brother, I am like no Brother:
And this word [Loue] which Gray-beards call Diuine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am my selfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou keep'st me from the Light,
But I will fort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buzze abroad such Prophecies,
That *Edward* shall be fearefull of his life,
And then to purge his feare, he be thy death.
King Henry, and the Prince his Son are gone,
Clarence thy turne is next, and then the rest,
Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.
He throw thy body in another roome,
And Triumph *Henry*, in thy day of Doome. *Exit.*

Flourish. Enter *King, Queens, Clarence, Richard, Hastings, Norfolk, and Attendants.*

King. Once more we sit in Englands Royall Throne,
Re-purchac'd with the Blood of Enemies:
What valiant Poe-men, like to Autumnes Corne,
Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerset, threesfold Renowne,
For hardy and vndoubted Champions:
Two *Cliffords*, as the Father and the Sonne,
And two Northumberland: two brauer men,
Ne're spurr'd their Couriers at the Trumpets sound.
With them, the two braue Beares, *Warwick* & *Montague*,
That in their Chaines fetter'd the Kingly Lyon,
And made the Forrest tremble when they roard.

Thus haue we swept Suspicion from our Seate,
And made our Footstool of Security.
Come hither *Besse*, and let me kisse my Boy:
Yong *Ned*, for thee, thine Vnckles, and my selfe,
Haue in our Armors watcht the Winters night,
Went all afoote in Summers scalding heate,
That thou might'st repossesse the Crowne in peace,
And of our Labours thou shalt reape the gaine.

Rich. He blast his Haruest, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thicke, to heaue,
And heaue it shall some waight, or breake my backe,
Worke thou the way, and that shalt execute.

King. *Clarence* and *Gloster*, loue my lovely Queene,
And kis your Princely Nephew Brothers both.
Cl. The duty that I owe vnto your Maiesty,
I Seal vpon the lips of this sweet Babe.

Cl. Thanke Noble *Clarence*, worthy brother thanks.
Rich. And that I loue the tree fro whence y sprang:
Witness the louing kisse I giue the Fruite,
To say the truth, so *Indas* kist his master,
And cried all haile, when as he meant all harme.

King. Now am I seated as my soule delights,
Hauing my Countries peace, and Brothers loues.

Cl. What will your Grace haue done with *Margaret*,
Reynard her Father, to the King of France?
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Ierusalem,
And hither haue they sent it for her ransome.

King. Away with her, and waite her hence to France:
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately Triumphes, mirthfull Comicke shewes,
Such as befits the pleasure of the Court.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, farwell sowe annoy,
For heere I hope begins our lasting ioy. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.



The Tragedy of Richard the Third with the Landing of Earle Richmond Battell at Bosworth Field.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster, solus.

Now is the Winter of our Discontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:
And all the clouds that low'r'd vpon our house
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried.
Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung vp for Monuments;
Our steme Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Measures.
Grim-vis'd Warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front:
And now, in stead of mounting Barbed Steeds,
To fright the Soules of fearfull Adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber,
To the lasciuious pleasing of a Lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportiue trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glasse:
I, that am Rudely stamp'd, and want loues Maiesty,
To strut before a wonton ambling Nymph:
I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,
Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,
Deform'd, vn-finish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing World, scarce halfe made vp,
And that so lamely and vn-fashionable,
That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them.
Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)
Haue no delight to passe away the time,
Vnlesse to see my Shadow in the Sunne,
And descant on mine owne Deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot proue a Louer,
To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes,
I am determin'd to proue a Villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes.
Plots haue I laid, Inductions dangerous,
By drunken Prophecies, Libels, and Dreames,
To set my Brother *Clarence* and the King
In deadly hate, the one against the other:
And if *King Edward* be as true and iust,
As I am Subtle, False, and Treacherous,
This day should *Clarence* closely be mew'd vp:
About a Prophecie, which sayes that G,
Of *Edward*'s heyres the murderess shall be.
Doe thoughts downe to my soule, here *Clarence* comes.

Enter *Clarence*, and *Brakenbury* guarded.
Brother, good day: What meanes this armed guard

That waites vpon your Grace?

Cl. His Maiesty tending
Hath appointed this Conduet

Rich. Vpon what cause?

Cl. Because my name is G

Rich. Alacke my Lord, tha

He should for that commit y

O belike, his Maiesty hath for

That you should be new Chri

But what's the matter *Clarence*

Cl. Yea *Richard*, when I k

As yet I do not: But as I can

He hearkens after Prophecies

And from the Crosse-row pl

And sayes, a Wizard told him

His issue disinherited should

And for my name of *George* b

It followes in his thought, tha

These (as I learne) and such li

Hath mou'd his Highnesse to

Rich. Why this it is, when

'Tis not the King that sends y

My Lady *Grey* his Wife, *Clan*

That tempts him to this harsh

Was it not thee, and that g

Anthony Woodville her Brothe

That made him send Lord *H*

From whence this present day

We are not safe *Clarence*, we a

Cl. By heauen, I thinke th

But the Queene's Kindred, and

That trudge betwixt the King

Heard you not what an humb

Lord *Hastings* was, for her de

Rich. Humbly complainin

Got my Lord Chamberlaine

He tell you what, I thinke it is

If we will keepe in fauour wi

To be her men, and weare her

The ieaious ore-worne Widd

Since that our Brother dub'd

Are mighty Gossips in our M

Bra. I beseech your Grace

His Maiesty hath straightly g

That no man shall haue priuat

(Of what degree fouer) with